sink your teeth in

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/30347415.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Abigail Hobbs & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Jack Crawford, Alana Bloom, Abigail Hobbs, Garrett Jacob Hobbs
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Vampire, Alternate Universe - Supernatural Elements, Alternate Universe - Supernatural Hunters, Werewolf Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter is a Cannibal, Alternate Universe, Sexual Tension, Implied Sexual Content, Hannibal Knows, winston is a were-dog because i think its funny, will graham is a monster profiler, Missing Persons, Violent Thoughts, Canon-Typical Violence, Blood and Injury, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Vampires, Vampire Bites, Blood Drinking, Non-Consensual Blood Drinking, Hannibal Lecter is the Chesapeake Ripper, Kind Of, Dark Will Graham, will graham is part-werewolf, this universe is very different from canon but most basic things are the same, Romantic Fluff, Angst, im so sorry these tags are a mess, Hannigram - Freeform, Murder Husbands, eventually ig
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-03-29 Updated: 2021-04-07 Words: 5,456 Chapters: 4/?

sink your teeth in

by orphan_account

Summary

Will Graham's unusual empathy gives him insight into the minds of monsters. He works for Quantico's monster-hunter squad as a monster profiler for this reason, but a coworker's questioning of his humanity forces him to go to Doctor Lecter to prove otherwise. Doctor Lecter is a renowned psychiatrist nicknamed "monster-sniffer" for his unique ability to identify monsters posing as humans. Neither of the two are who they claim to be, and as their lives become more intertwined the lines begin to blur.

_____

AKA will slowly begins to realize hannibal is a vampire while hannibal tries to manipulate him into joining him :-0

when the rabbit screams

Chapter Notes

heyo! there's some slightly suggestive themes in this chapter but nothing explicit. lil bit of violence too

this fic is going to start off light-hearted but slowly get more dark, so if you're waiting for some fucked up situations, just wait

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I don’t find your faux innocence to be endearing, Doctor Lecter.” Will Graham, despite his clear disdain for the opulence of the room around him, settled into the plush leather of the chair facing Quantico’s famous ‘monster-sniffer’. “I find it quite the opposite, actually.”

The doctor tilted his head to the side, raising a singular plucked eyebrow. He said nothing.

Will leaned forward, folding his hands together, elbows pushing his knees apart. The leather squeaked with his movements. “What sort of monster do you reckon I am? I know what sort of monster I reckon you are.”

The doctor’s eyes carefully studied Will’s features, dragging over his dark curls before settling on his slightly bared teeth. He let out an amused hum. “I reckon you are a werewolf. That is, if you are a monster at all. You do not strike me as the type. You have the characteristics of a common werewolf— Standoffish, rugged, dog-like, and *informal* —“ His eyes darted down to jab at the ill-fitting clothes Will was wearing. “But that does not necessarily make you a beast. However, I am curious what beast you could possibly fathom someone such as myself being.”

“Oh, it’s quite easy, Doctor.” Will dropped the last name as an attempt to strip more formality from the conversation, smirking at the frown it earned from the man sitting across from him. “But I shouldn’t say it. I have the strangest feeling that as soon as I speak it into existence, I will find myself torn apart in a ditch, drained of my blood. Some things are better left unsaid. After all, you’re the one giving me the diagnosis.” He gestured to the doctor. “What’s the verdict? Wolf or no wolf?”

“I’d prefer you refer to me as either Doctor Lecter or Hannibal, Mr. Graham. I don’t appreciate half-assed manners.” Hannibal opened up his notes to glance at the observations written inside. “It’s hard to say. I’ll need another more personal study, I’m afraid.”

“More personal?” Will quipped, his tone questioning what exactly that would entail.

“I’d like to monitor you during a full moon, to be sure. I’ve done it before with plenty of clients, it’s nothing unorthodox. This way I’ll be able to assuage any… doubts… your team may have about your ability to track monsters.” He snapped the book shut and twisted to set it on the dark stained table next to him.

“How does that work? I come for dinner, spend the night?”

“Precisely, Mr. Graham.” Hannibal turned to look back at him, and let a slight smile pass over his lips. “Perhaps this shall assure you of my intentions and nature as well.”

Will snorted. “Like a date, then?”

“If that’s how you’d wish to see it.”

The monster profiler stood up from his seat and brushed off non-existent dust from his lap, lips pulled into a tight line. “See you next full moon, then, Doctor.”

Hannibal grunted at the title once again, but said nothing of it. “Farewell, Mr. Graham.”

____

Dinner with Hannibal Lecter was hardly what Will had expected. It was actually rather pleasant, save for the rising tension between the pair. The stolen glances between bites of sausage and steak were beginning to get a bit *too* suggestive on a night where Will was being

evaluated professionally. Dessert only made things worse. Will Graham could barely keep his composure when the doctor had swiped whip cream off the corner of Will's lip and then proceeded to suck it off. They were *doctor and patient* . It was wrong. The whole werewolf situation didn't help things either.

Stripping in front of him had been embarrassing enough, but keeping his head held high grew increasingly harder with each silver shackle Hannibal fastened to his limbs. It was a necessary precaution, but Will couldn't help but feel embarrassed with the sexual undertones, intended or not.

Once all four limbs were properly cuffed, Hannibal leaned back on his heels, inspecting his handiwork. "That should be good. I apologize for the uncomfortable situation, but if you are a wolf, I must make sure to not endanger myself."

"I understand, Doctor. I'm just surprised at how thorough you are. You seem strong enough to hold your own."

Hannibal's lips turned up in a smile. "Never can be too safe." His eyes started at Will's and then slowly began to sweep over his body, stopping to look at the low-hanging necklace on his chest. "I'm afraid jewelry must come off too. Allow me, Mr. Graham."

He shifted uncomfortably and the chains rattled. "That's a family heirloom. I've never taken it off. My father gave it to me."

"It could be holding wolfsbane. I can't risk any magical-suppressing items being on your person."

Will let out an exasperated sigh. "Unless those items are in my underwear, huh."

Hannibal chuckled and then leaned forward again on his knees, his face drawing perilously close to the maybe-wolf's. He used one hand to steady himself against Will's chest and the other to reach back and unclasp the necklace, but instead of moving away he moved closer, eyes never tearing from his patient.

Will froze for a moment, feeling the doctor's hot breath on his mouth. He moved his head slightly closer, accidentally brushing their lips together, and suddenly their lips were *crashing*

together, hungry and raw and so, so ready. Will let out a humiliating sound of approval, Hannibal grunting in response. The larger man's hands threaded through the hair on Will's chest and on his head, both of them panting into the kiss. The dark-haired man had never wished his hands weren't bound more than this moment, and was about to voice so when suddenly Hannibal pulled away.

Dr. Lecter's eyes were wide with surprise, eyes quickly surveying Will's body once again. "My God, Mr. Graham. You *are* a werewolf."

Panting, Will looked around his own body wildly, realizing large matts of hair were bursting from his skin. He could feel his canines growing, poking into his lips, his fingers growing long and sharp and hairy. "What's-- What's happening to me? Doctor, this hasn't-- This hasn't ever happened before--"

The doctor raised a finger to shush him and opened his clutched palm, looking down at the necklace. "You were wearing a magical suppressant without realizing. How fascinating." He glanced back up at Will. "You can't be more than 1/8th werewolf. Not much of a threat at all, especially as long as you wear this necklace. Would you like to make a deal, Mr. Graham?"

____

"So, Will, what do you think?" The familiar voice called from behind him, a thick hand extending a stubby finger to point at the scene in front of him.

Graham sighed, plucking his glasses off and folding them carefully into his breast pocket. "I think you shouldn't have made me stay up an entire full moon with a self-righteous prick just because I look a bit *wolfish* . But hey, what do I know?" Sarcasm dripped from his voice, a sour attempt at hiding his clear exhaustion.

Jack sighed in turn. "It wasn't my choice, Will. If I could've spared you an all-nighter I would've, believe me." He lifted the extended hand to massage his own sweaty forehead. "At least all suspicions of your humanity have been disproven. Doctor Lecter is a nice man, Will, I don't understand your hostility towards him."

“I’m not hostile towards him, Jack.” *Not anymore, at least* , not after their inappropriately intimate interactions during the full moon. Now he was practically committed to not being rude towards the man. Both of their careers laid precariously in the other’s hands, able to teeter and shatter from the slightest slip of the lips. Will could expose him for brief romantic relations with a patient during a study, and Hannibal could expose him for something much, *much* worse. He gritted his teeth at the thought, hand sneaking up to touch his necklace, ensuring it was there. “I’m just tired. Sorry for my curtness. I’ll get to analyzing.”

Crawford grunted in acknowledgement and stepped away, motioning for the rest of the team to step away. “Graham needs his space to work. Skiddaddle.”

Familiar gold waves washed over his vision, erasing the bloody scene in front of him of all gore, instead replacing the bloodstained grass with a young woman who stood in front of him, smiling gently. She was young, innocent, someone the killer wanted to protect and rip apart at the same time. He watched her face contort into pain and surprise as black antlers plunged through her chest. She was a replacement.

This is my design, he thought, and then his imaginary self leaped forward, sinking his teeth into the exposed skin of her neck.

Chapter End Notes

hope you enjoyed! if you were confused about anything or have any ideas or constructive criticisms, let me know!!! i'm really hyped about this :-)

apertif

Chapter Notes

this chapter covers the garret jacob hobbs case with a twist. buckle in!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You’re sure this creature is a vampire?” Jack didn’t sound uncertain of Will’s abilities, just hesitant to jump to any conclusions. “Then explain the wounds from the antlers. Why would a vampire waste any blood?”

“He’s putting on a show, for himself. Or he’s not the one doing the stabbing.” Will moved his hands in a circle, trying to conjure a more secure explanation. “He might be hunting with another creature. Perhaps he’s rounded up that one stag you’ve been chasing, the bird one.” He couldn’t quite remember the name, but he could see the creature in his mind, clear as day. Dark, feathery, and monstrous.

Jack’s attention immediately perked. “You’re saying he’s working with our ravenstag?”

“I’m saying there’s a possibility he is. You should call in Doctor Lecter. He mentioned a list of possible vampires. That could help narrow down who our Shrike might be.” Will removed his glasses from his pockets and returned them to his face. “I’ll wait in the meeting room until he gets here.” He trudged to the room, Jack eventually following suit.

Will Graham wasn’t the type to hold secrets. For the majority of his life, the only secret he held was his stray dog Winston’s true nature. The dog was actually a *were-dog* that turned human upon the full moon. The situation was so odd that Will was never even in a position to have to lie about it, which was relieving. He and Winston had their once-monthly catch ups when the dog was no longer a dog, and the rest of the time they simply had a pet-owner relationship. Nothing too strange, nothing hard to hide. However, after his evening with Hannibal Lecter, the amount of secrets he had tripled. And now the doctor was *also* a consultant on the Shrike case. Wonderful.

Cue Dr. Lecter, striding after Dr. Bloom into the meeting room of Quantico's monster-management squad. He nodded to Jack and bowed, nodded to Alana and bowed, and then smirked at Will, bowing only after he'd said, "Nice to see you again, *mon petit loup* ."

Alana and Jack both nodded in acknowledgement while Will bristled with nervous energy. "I don't know what that means, Doctor. I hope it's nothing insulting."

"It's nothing malicious. Just a nickname." He strode over to take the seat in between Jack and Will, adjusting the papers in his grip. "I have brought the list you requested. I'm not too sure on how you're going to narrow it down, but I trust your judgement."

"Thank you, Doctor." He accepted the thin and neatly-organized stack eagerly, flipping through the pages. He skimmed the list of names and short descriptions, earnestly trying to ignore Dr. Lecter's prying eyes that hadn't left his face since he'd picked up the stack. He understood his curiosity but couldn't help but feel like he was being peeled apart by the odd man's keen perception. Will cleared his throat. "Well, already a few names stand out to me. I think we should split up and visit a few houses. Look for young women that match the same profile as the missing girls, most likely our vampire's daughter. Make sure to be properly equipped."

"Alright. Give me a list of names and I'll be on my way. How are we splitting up?" Jack put his hands on his hips, raising his eyebrows at Will.

"Well," began the monster-profiler, but he was immediately interrupted.

"I'd prefer to go with Mr. Graham. I know you and Dr. Bloom both have experience in the field, but I'm not sure he has." Hannibal stood up, Will following suit and giving him an exasperated glare.

"I can hold my own, Doctor."

"He wasn't implying that, Will. I think it's a great suggestion," Dr. Bloom spoke up, gesturing to assure Will. "Dr. Lecter has eaten dinner with vampires due to his line of work. He's the best guy to be around if you might encounter one."

Graham shrugged. “Alright. Let’s go catch our vampire.”

______________\

Will didn’t know how long the two of them had been in the car before they’d been glued together, lips locked in a dangerous embrace, hands desperately cupping the other’s cheeks. He knew the tension between him and Hannibal would re-light when they were alone, but he hadn’t expected *this* . His senses returned and he pulled back, gasping for air, hissing, “We’re supposed to be investigating *vampires* , Doctor, this is hardly the appropriate time.”

Hannibal’s eyes fluttered open, dull but curious. His hands remained on Will’s face but he backed further into his seat. “My bad. You seemed as eager as I.” His chest heaved from the lack of oxygen and his hair was slightly tousled. “That was incredibly unprofessional on my part.”

“On both our parts,” Will muttered, breaking the contact between them to throw his head back against the car seat, face burning from embarrassment. “I swore I wouldn’t let this happen again. This is getting dangerous.”

Hannibal ignored his nervous rant. “We should probably get out of the car. We’ve been sitting in the driveway for quite a few moments.”

Will nodded, reaching back to grab their “emergency vampire kit”, which included a cross, a stake, and bottles of holy water. He handed the cross and a bottle to Hannibal and then exited the car, strolling towards the house with Hannibal not far behind him and a stake in hand. “I don’t know if Garret Jacob Hobbs is our guy, but I think he could fit the profile, especially with his—“

A horrible, gurgling sound interrupted him as an older woman stumbled out of the house, blood gushing from her neck, her mouth opening and closing as she tried to beg for help. By the time Will reached the porch she was barely moving, arms twitching and eyes empty. Graham didn’t hesitate, stepping over her form to force himself through the door, clutching one of the viles of holy water close to his chest.

He fumbled through the house, rounding the corner to find the vampire. His eyes were wild and narrow, blood coating his chin and smearing on his daughter who'd he'd restrained, poising his open jaw right over her neck.

This time, Will hesitated, and Hobbs sunk his teeth deep into the poor girl's neck. Graham lunged forward, emptying the vile of water onto his face. The vampire shrieked and released his daughter to the floor. Will only needed a moment and took it, driving the stake into Garret Jacob Hobbs. He then drew it out, pulling it over his head to spear him again and again and *again* , until the creature stopped shaking. He then frantically scrambled over to the daughter, his whole body shaking, trying to keep the blood from leaking from her open neck. He glanced back over at the still vampire, surrounded by blood. *See?* he seemed to whisper. *See?*

He could barely hear over the blood thrashing in his ears, but he could faintly hear someone enter the room.

"Will, let me," called the doctor from behind him, jogging over and gently pushing Will's hands away to replace them with large, calloused ones. "Go get help." Hannibal locked eyes with him, something electric behind the gaze, and mouthed *Go.*

And so Will did.

Chapter End Notes

since these chapters are so short, i'll be updating daily!! next chapter, things get a bit messy between will and hannibal

unconventional therapy

Chapter Notes

sorta spicy content this chapter, cute little stuff before shit gets real

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Is she alive?” he asked hesitantly, quietly, as the nurse slowly approached him.

“Yes. Comatose, but alive. I don’t know what Doctor Lecter did to save her, but it was certainly something miraculous.”

Will let out a breath he’d been holding for a long time, letting his head drop to his chest. “Thank God.” He laughed nervously. “Thank *God* .”

“Thank Doctor Lecter,” the nurse joked, and then she left.

____

“Han— *Hannibal* ,” he rasped, threading his hands up through the other man’s thick hair. His hands were shaky but demanding as they slithered down, spreading across the thick coat that covered the straining muscles of Hannibal’s back.

“ *Will* ,” he muttered in return, between the kisses he trailed up the bare skin of Will’s neck. He moved up to the other’s face where he planted a sweet kiss to his lips before he drew away, putting his hands on Will’s chest. He hovered a few seconds, taking in the view, before breaking the silence. “Our dinner guests will be here soon. We mustn’t get too cocky. Go get dressed.”

Will groaned, sliding himself off the doctor’s lap, and rubbed at the tender flesh of his neck. “This got dangerous, Doctor. This isn’t unofficial therapy anymore at this point, it’s *booty calls* . It’s—“

“Casual sex,” Hannibal remarked, straightening his tie. “Nothing wrong with that, unless, of course, a party involved doesn’t want it to be casual.”

Will waved at him dismissively. “Whatever. It’s still unprofessional, even if I’m not officially your patient now. And it’s not just casual, it’s gotten *domestic* .” He scrunched up his face at the thought, and began to button up his shirt. “They’re going to start catching on soon,” he added.

“I doubt it. If they haven’t picked up on, your, well…” The doctor curtly motioned to Will’s necklace. “Then I doubt they’d catch on to this.”

He glared at Hannibal and swiped up his tie and coat from the floor. “It’s sort of hard focusing on killer monsters and monster killers when I’m having an affair with my coworker. They’ll notice eventually. They might even connect the dots, and then we’re double—screwed.”

“You worry too much.” Hannibal smoothed out his own jacket. “Trust me. Humans are much more blind to monsters than you think.”

____

Domestic. That’s how Will had referred to his relationship with Dr. Lecter, and the term seemed to be more and more accurate by the day. The two stood in the lobby of Quantico’s psych ward together, the back of their hands pressed together, waiting for a nurse to bring them to the recovering Abigail’s room.

Will Graham could still hardly believe that she had survived. Her father had *ripped* the flesh of her neck open. Blood sprayed everywhere, coating Will’s hands and face. She should be dead. But she wasn’t. Thanks to Hannibal.

The sort of paternal role both of them had taken in the girl’s life was rather strange, almost competitive. Will could feel Hannibal pushing for them to bond, to simulate a familial situation.

Will didn't appreciate it, didn't appreciate whatever sort of codependency the doctor was trying to foster between the three of them. The more time Will spent with Hannibal, the more he felt drawn to stay and the more he felt his gut screaming to *leave* . The slight manipulations were becoming more and more obvious. *Will, your animalistic instincts are not something to suppress.* Bullshit. Will didn't like being egged on like some sort of dog. He was only 1/8th a beast, yet Hannibal seemed determined to relight this monstrous side.

He knew it, and played along. They could keep their tango going. They could keep sneaking kisses, their passionate affairs, their dinners and dates, their visits to Abigail, but it wouldn't last long. Something was coming. Will could feel it in his bones.

____

"Team, we *need* to catch this ravenstag. It's been the common thread throughout all these cases. The sightings are becoming more frequent. Someone is manifesting it, making it stronger." Jack slouched back into his chair, eyes trailing up to look at the ceiling, settling on a tile slightly dirtier than the others. "We can't afford for this creature to get any bigger."

"How *exactly* are we supposed to catch it?" Zeller grumbled. "It's a mythical beast manifested literally by dark desire. We'd have to figure out who's conjuring it to even begin to track the beast."

Jimmy's face lit up. "Perhaps we could…"

Their voices all faded away around Will, leaving him in the comforting silence of his mind. Ravenstags were unique, menacing and powerful creatures, products entirely of the mind. Only monsters could summon them and control them.

He swallowed thickly. The last time a ravenstag had been a problem was ages ago when the Chesapeake Ripper was still active, but he doubted the killer had come back at such a time. This was different, someone testing the waters, playing an experimental game of checkers. Someone playing God, sending the beast to aid killers. How could they predict a monster who was only trying to stir the pot?

"We provoke him. Slander him. Force the ravenstag's owner into action against us." Graham then cleared his throat. "Sorry to interrupt."

“Yes! See, Zeller? I knew involving Freddie Lounds would be of some use! She can help us poke the bear, or rather, our stag.” Jimmy chuckled, delighted.

“Not a bad idea, Graham.” Jack ducked his head in approval, flashing an empty smile. “We piss off the monster, announce a place our team is going, and convene there. Foolproof.”

____

Thick, cold blood slid down his throat, dripping from his gaping maw as strong fingers forced his jaws apart.

“Drink,” a distorted voice commanded, and Will obliged, swallowing the substance, despite how it made his stomach turn.

“Hnnnh..” he began to protest, but the voice shushed him. Slowly the form began to unblur in his vision, a dark silhouette with a strong frame.

“How does it make you feel? To have eaten the very flesh and blood of a living, breathing being?” The form shifted closer. “Tell me, Will. Do you feel alive?”

Despite his pounding headache and slipping consciousness, the way his pulse stirred at the mention of such gore, at such a twisted thing, Will knew the answer. “ *Yes* .”

Chapter End Notes

oOOOoo boy am i ready for the next part !!!! showdown incoming!! this next chapter might take a bit longer to come out, but it'll be a lot thicker in material :-)

reckoning

Chapter Notes

sorry for the long wait!! this chapter was difficult to write >:-P

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The moon, full and bright, shined dim light down onto the rickety, empty Hobbs house. Will let out a noise of disappointment at the large, crude scribbling of “VAMPIRES” on the garage door, reluctantly stepping over the stain on the ground where Garret Jacob Hobbs’ wife took her last shuddering breath. He wobbled into the house. He flinched at the feeling of a familiar hand squeezing his shoulder, a poor attempt at reassurance. “I'm fine, Doctor Lecter.”

“Revisiting trauma is difficult, Will. It’s okay to express discomfort.” The doctor removed his hand, sliding it into his pocket, and then strode into the house behind Jack and Will.

The team of supernatural investigators stopped to convene in the living room, preparing their gear that would (hopefully) stand guard against the strength of a ravenstag.

“Team,” Jack rumbled, patting his pistol to make sure it was snugly held in its holster, “We’ve thrown the match. Lounds ran the article, now we see if our ravenstag’s owner is prideful enough to send the creature here. Remember-- our goal is *not* to kill this creature. We want it alive so we can catch the bastard who summoned it.” He rotated on his heels and stuck a finger out. “Zeller, Price, I want you to check the master bedroom.” He moved his finger. “Bev, you can hold your own. I want you outside looking for the beast’s approach. Dr. Bloom, you stay with me in here.” He turned his head. “Graham, Dr. Lecter, you two go to the shed. Be careful, lots of sharp objects in there.”

Like ants, the team scattered, following their set paths with diligence and purpose. Will kept his eyes down the whole journey to the shed, refusing to look at his “therapist”. Once they stepped inside and the door slammed shut behind them, he could feel the startling stare of Hannibal’s eyes on him.

“Will, look at me.”

Will didn't.

"Will," he demanded again, reaching his hand up to gently hold Will's cheek, tipping his head up so their eyes would meet.

"What?" Graham replied, feeling a lump start to form in his throat. He didn't want Hannibal to admit anything. Will was already pretty sure he knew the truth.

"You have two choices. You can take off now, run away, not have to confront death and the horror of nature, or you can stay and kill the ravenstag." His eyes were clouded and black, unblinking. "Your choice."

"I'm not killing the ravenstag. Why would I kill the ravenstag?" He scoffed and pulled away from Hannibal's touch, narrowing his eyes. "We don't even know the ravenstag is here." He took a step back and Hannibal took a step towards him.

"I gave you a choice. Are you going to run, or not?" He folded his hands together. "Take off the necklace, Will."

"I'm not going to kill the ravenstag, Hannibal," he repeated, nearly hissing. "It's not even here. I'm not taking off the necklace."

Hannibal took another step forward in the damp, poorly lit room. His eyes looked Will up and down, and then looked behind him, a smile creeping across his face. "You would be wrong about all three of those things."

The profiler froze. The planks behind him creaked under the weight of something big, something most likely spectral. He did not want to look. He did not want to know. Yet he did want to know, and before he could resist he turned his head, knees nearly buckling as he saw the monstrous creature heaving, only a few feet away.

And then it charged.

Will scrambled backwards, Hannibal deftly stepping out of his way, but there was really no place to run to. The door was wedged shut, and as Will turned from the doorknob to find another exit point, the ravenstag's antlers were flying at him, wedging into the wood of the door and pinning him against it.

The stag snarled, hooves and black maw desperately trying to snatch a hold of Will. The wood of the wall began to screech under the stress of the antlers, threatening to give way and let the stag have another shot at skewering him.

Will could barely see around the darkness of the stag's corpulent form, but he could see Hannibal watching him with a sort of morbid curiosity.

"You summoned the stag," he spat reaching his hands up to clutch the antlers. " *You're* the monster."

Hannibal stared at him blankly.

Anger rose inside him like a tide, slowly at first, making his knees feel weak and his throat tighten with shock. Then it gurgled up like a geyser, hot and boiling, bubbling over. He let go of one antler to tear his necklace off, gritting his teeth as the painful transformation began, and then heaved the stag off him with his newfound strength. He twisted away its head so it would temporarily be unable to charge him again and then set his sights on the beast he really came to kill.

The complexion of his "therapist" flickered to surprise as Will launched himself forward, leaping to knock him off his feet. He grimaced and stood his ground, barely budging as the werewolf slammed into him, tearing at his legs with small but razor-edged claws. He tried to pry off the wolf but then grunted, leaning forward and reaching his arms out.

For a moment, the wolf stopped his path of wrath in confusion, before watching the ravenstag's antlers raging forward again, Hannibal's arms catching and pushing the creature

away from Will via the horns. Instead of giving Hannibal a moment of grace for saving him, Will took it as a moment of weakness, lunging for his neck with his jaws open wide.

Hannibal let go of the stag, roughly catching Will by the neck. He narrowed his eyes down at his patient and then gently shoved him away, rolling up his sleeves. “You’re going to get us both killed if you keep ignoring the stag.” Said stag grunted and moved in between Will and Hannibal.

Will growled. “It’s protecting you. I can’t get to you unless I kill it first.”

“Correct.” Hannibal peeked out from behind the creature.

He bent down, claws out and ready. He didn’t have to kill the stag. He could just injure it enough to have a shot at Hannibal. He wasn’t sure how he would be able to properly hurt the creature without being skewered. Perhaps he could just jump and hope feral instincts kicked in.

Before he could jump, Hannibal had climbed on top of the beast, gripping its horns and yanking its head back. The stag roared, kicking up and rearing its body, trying to break free.

Will *despised* the show his ex (?) was putting on but dove in anyway, sinking his teeth into the leg of the beast, using his claws to double the damage. The ravenstag’s blood was hot and black and gushed from the wounds, filling Will’s mouth with goopy and stagnant liquid. He sputtered and pulled back, just in time to watch his former therapist sink his teeth into the neck of the ravenstag, the creature collapsing under the strain on its leg.

Suddenly Will realized that this was not a fight he could win. A vampire, freshly fed, was nearly impossible to wound without proper equipment. And Will had *nothing* . He leaped over the two bloody monsters, knocking down the door with his weight, and fled to the house. He could find the others. He could bring them to the shed, show them the horrific sight of Hannibal draining the stag.

He burst through the door and then stopped in his tracks.

Hannibal was already there, clean-faced, calmly talking to Alana and Jack. The three turned to him.

Alana recoiled in horror and Jack's hand flew to his gun.

"Will, please stay back," begged Hannibal, looking disheveled and shocked.

Suddenly Will realized how terrifying he must look, clothes pulling at the seams, black blood dripping from his jaw and tufts of fur jutting from his skin. He'd forgotten to get his necklace.

"Come here, Hannibal," he croaked. The evidence was damning. Will could go to jail. He *needed* to kill Hannibal before someone got in the way.

Jack's hand flew out in front of Hannibal, the other hand pulling his pistol out of his holster.

"That could kill me, Jack. I'm not a full werewolf. I'm only part." Will wasn't scared of getting shot. He was scared he wouldn't get to Dr. Lecter in time.

"I know this transformed state is very confusing for you, Will. I thought you would be able to control your instincts. I was wrong. I'm sorry." The doctor gave him a pitiful look, but Will didn't buy it. "I do not think it would be safe if I came near you."

"You *liar* ." His hands were shaking now. There was no going back. Will stepped back into the doorway, hands finding the thin, brittle material of the door. He could easily break it. "Come here, Hannibal." He was shouting now, but he didn't care.

Hannibal held up a hand to Jack. "Please. Let me. I will be able to defend myself."

Jack moved his hand from blocking the doctor but his gun never wavered from its aim.

Slowly the older man strode forward, holding his palms up. “What do you need, Will?”

“I need you to tell them you’re a vampire, Doctor Lecter.” A few steps more, and Will would be able to strike. “I need you to tell them you knowingly slept with a werewolf.”

“Will—“ the doctor began, but Will had already started moving. He punched back into the door, ripping a huge splint from it, and then thrust it towards him, aiming for the heart.

Before he could feel the sensation of wood piercing through flesh, a gunshot rang through the air. Will collapsed, realizing Jack had shot his shoulder. The make-shift stake clattered to the ground and Hannibal stumbled away.

He could faintly hear Alana’s shouting, see Jack’s horrified face, but all he could focus on was Hannibal, staring down at him, complexion blank but his eyes looking *pleased.*

Will was definitely going to jail.

Chapter End Notes

strangers to lovers to enemies to ??? LMAO i love complicated tropes. anyways comments and kudos are very appreciated, thank you guys so much<3

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!